Eng. Poetry vol 18.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM AN

Half-pay OFFICER, &c.

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2d.

AN EPISTLE FROM AN Half-pay Officer AT THE TILT-YARD, TO HIS FRIEND AT JENNY MAN's.

Militia ſpecies Amor eſt; diſcedite ſegnes!
Non ſunt hæc timidis ſigna tuenda Viris. Ovid.

LONDON
Printed, And Sold by *Ferd. Burleigh*, in *Amen-Corner*. Pr. 3*d*.
25. *Junº*. 1714.

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An EPISTLE from an Half-pay Officer at the Tilt-yard, *to his Friend at* Jenny Man's.

INdulge no more (*dear angry Friend*) the Spleen,
Becauſe, no longer, you can ſerve your Queen:
To cooler *Stateſmen* and the Pow'r of *Fate*,
Reſign th' unfiniſh'd Cauſe and long Debate.
For am'rous *Sieges* ſofter *Fights* prepare,
The *God of Love* makes everlaſting War:
He graſps his ſounding Bow and painted Shield,
And waves his purple Colours o'er the Field.
To arms! he crys, and round the flow'ry Meads,
In glitt'ring Pomp, his youthful Squadrons leads:
Let not the Aged to his Tents repair,
Or, fondly, hope to merit Honour there;
Love only entertains the Young and Fair.
No Invalid muſt in the Ranks be ſeen,
Or muſter paſs before the *Cyprian Queen*:

Lovers are Soldiers all; in Love and War
The Rules and Diſcipline no Diff'rence bear.
What *Gen'ral* for Recruits would Cripples chuſe;
Or vig'rous Youth for feeble Age refuſe?
What *lovely Maid* ſurrender all her Charms,
To claſp a doating Fumbler in her Arms?
The *warlike Youth*, to find or ſhun the Foe,
Oft long laborious Marches undergoes:
In Love, with ardent longing Eyes, we view
The fickle Fair, and where ſhe flies purſue
O'er Mountains, Dales, thro' Deſarts, Wilds and Woods,
Eternal Hills of Snow and rapid Floods;
Can ſcorching Heat, can piercing Cold ſuſtain,
And all Inclemencies of Heav'n diſdain:
Here Love allays, there Glory ſooths the Pain.
Tho' poor LEANDER heard the Billows roar,
And ſaw the foaming Surges laſh the Shore;
The thund'ring Poles that lighten'd o'er the Main,
Nor certain Death his Purpoſe could reſtrain:
The conſcious Torch from *Heroes* Tow'r he ſpies,
Combats the Storm, and in the Conflict dies.

What Age! what Perſon! does not plainly ſhow,
How much to Love's Almighty Pow'r we owe?

The

The proudeſt Monarchs and the lowly'ſt Swains,
Confeſs his Force, and fondly wear his Chains.
The *ſober Sage* that does the Law o'er rule,
Can Leiſure find ſometimes to play the Fool;
And *rev'rend Crape*, endu'd with heav'nly Grace,
To Joys above preferrs CLARINDA's Face.
Gay flatt'ring Hopes, pale Fear, Deſpair and Joy,
Alternately the Lover's Breaſt annoy;
And oft, too oft, by fatal Coſt we prove,
MARS as inconſtant as the *Queen of Love*.

Abroad, in vain, we pant for glorious Toil,
A future *Blenheim*, or a ſecond *Liſle*;
No Counterſcarps, no ſtubborn Forts remain
To ſtorm, but thoſe in pious *Drury-Lane*.
Not far from that gay celebrated Place,
Where wanton SHORE puts on a modeſt Face,
And Heroes, in Imagination great,
Wear out their Lungs for Hire in mimick State,
Each happy Night to ſome retir'd Alcove,
Fond am'rous Swains repair to quench their Love.
If PHYLLIS proves unkind, or Gold requires,
And coyly ſhuns, unbrib'd, their am'rous Fires;
With Rage inflam'd, ſince nought can e'er reform
Th' ungrateful *Nymph*, with Show'rs of Stones they ſtorm;

The ſhatter'd Glaſs and rattling Sticks afar
Proclaim th' important Strife and furious War.
The *Watch* alarm'd, with haſty Strides repair
To quell the Foe, and aid the trembling Fair;
Then the fierce Youth with Rage redoubled burn,
And on the *Midnight Guard* their Weapons turn:
A while the *Mirmydons* ſupport the Fight,
But can't maintain their Empire of the Night;
In pale Confuſion ſoon they quit the Field,
And all their Midnight Fame and Glory yield.

So when the raſh *Titanian* Race won'd prove
The Force of heav'nly Arms and Pow'r of JOVE;
From *Athos*, when they ſaw the *Thund'rer* frown,
The trembling rebel Crew fled headlong down.
The conqu'ring *Heroes* to the *Roſe* retreat,
There o'er a Bottle boaſt the gallant Feat,
How well they've ſerv'd the *Whore* and *Watchmen* beat.

Theſe fam'd Exploits, ſuch bright acquir'd Renown,
With all the fancy'd Pleaſures of the Town,
The Park, the Play, the Ladies, Cards and Wine,
To thoſe undaunted peaceful Beaus reſign;
Who with forc'd Airs, ſoft Looks, and thoughtleſs Mien,
So well adorn the *Court*, and guard the *Queen*.

Let

Let us, *my Friend*, to rural Scenes retreat,
And think no more who's Little or whoſe Great;
Supinely ſtretcht beneath a verdant Shade,
By ſpreading Elms and lofty Poplars made:
Within ſome murm'ring ſolitary Grove,
We'll drink and laugh, and ſing, and talk of Love.
The *little God* ſhall guard our *Sylvan* Bed,
And round the Bower his gaudy Banner ſpread;
The *Queen of Love* ſhall grace our rural Feaſt,
And every Nymph and Swain appear a Gueſt:
And while the *ſmiling Goddeſs* toaſts about,
Let all our Trumpets ſound, and Squadrons ſhout.

But when ſtill *Night* her ſable Mantle ſpreads
Around the World, and hides the Mountains Heads;
When purling Streams ſcarce o'er their Pebbles creep,
And murm'ring glide as if they wanted Sleep;
Whilſt anxious Thoughts torment the *Stateſman*'s Breaſt,
And Loſs and Gain perplex the Merchant's Reſt;
While *military Heroes*, void of Coin,
Uneaſy lye, and thoughtful how to dine;
On the ſoft Boſom of ſome blooming *Fair*,
As pure and fragrant as her native Air,
Beneath ſome conſcious *Myrtles* fav'rite Boughs,
Each happy *Swain* ſhall breath his ardent Vows

In Peace and Love, in Raptures pass the Night;
His Pleasures boundless, and his Slumbers light.

In harmless Joys thus Life shall wear away;
Alas! our Life's too short to lose a Day:
Youth flys, we can but use the present Hour;
That's all, dear careful *Friend*, within thy Power.
Future Events, in Shades of darkest Night
Invelop'd, mock a prying Mortals Sight:
Resign to *Heav'n* the Thoughts of what's to come,
'Tis *Heav'n*'s Care to fix a Soldier's Doom.

FINIS.